WHY TEEN-AGE BOYS HUSTLE

Homosexual Acts In Public Rest-Rooms

SEX FOR MONEY

The Phenomenon Of Impersonal Sex

HUSTLER'S LOT NOT A HAPPY ONE

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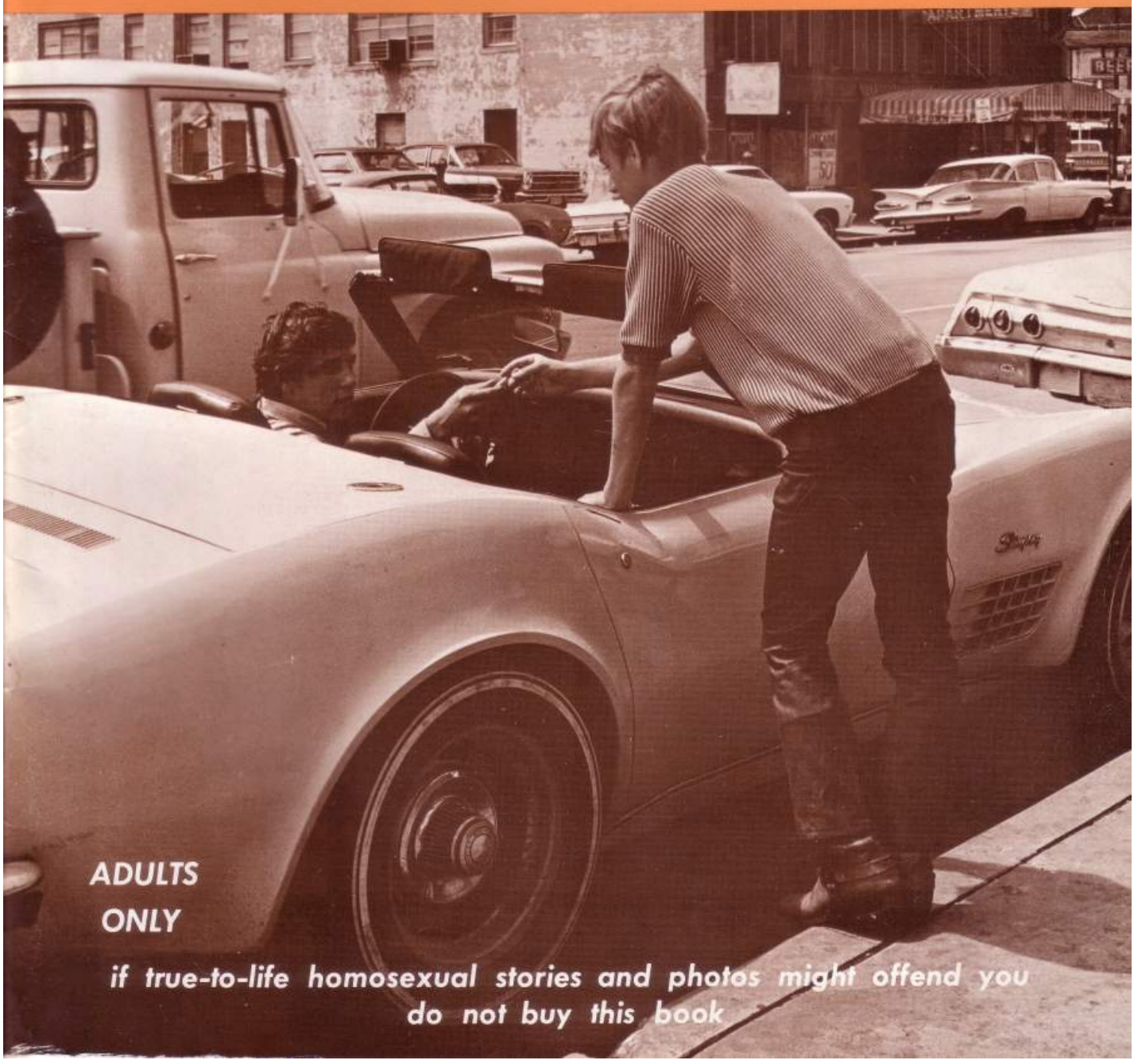
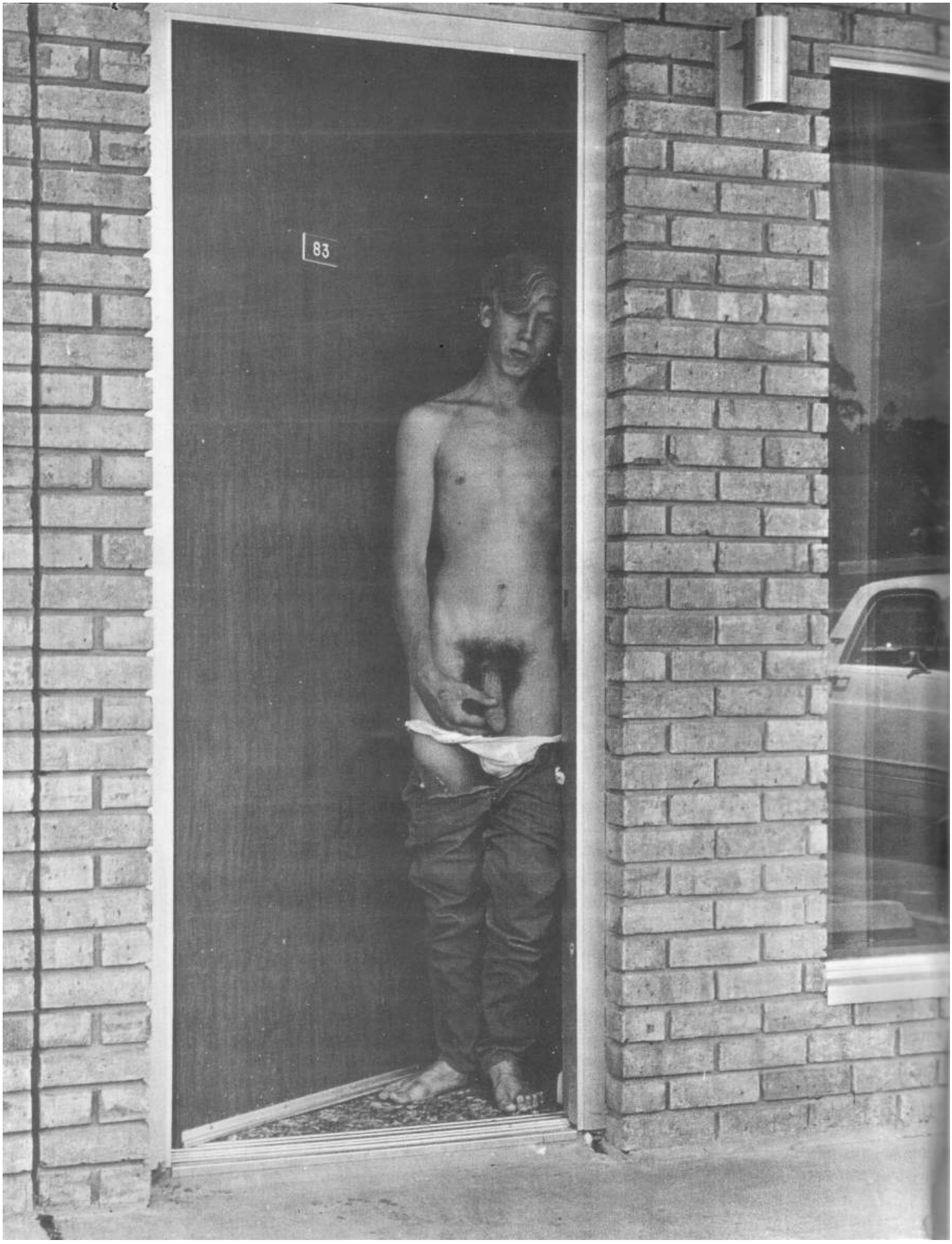


ADULTS ONLY

if true-to-life homosexual stories and photos might offend you do not buy this book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WHY TEENAGE BOYS HUSTLE

introduction

In a local study of nearly 200 male-"hustlers", ranging in age from 14 to 22, it was found that the principal reason for their prostitution activities was money. Most of the boys were not homosexuals, but they had drifted into this type of life by what they regarded as "easy money". Most of them had low educational levels and were school drop outs. A great percentage admitted to petty theivery.

Nearly 75% of the boys interviewed were from "lower class" families and felt that their parents had little or no regard for their well-being. The remaining 25% were from families that would be regarded as middle to upper middle class. Surprisingly, nearly 25 of the boys questioned claimed that their parents knew they hustled, or "go with gays" as one of the kids expressed it.

When questioned further, this particular boy said his parents felt he could be benefitted by "going with gays", especially if he should meet one that "had money." Not only in the sense that the "gay" would pay the hustler to have sex relations, but that he might also help the boy to get a good job, buy him a car, and so on.

It is generally true that the boys with lower educational levels tend to ask for smaller amounts of money for "tricking", such as ten dollars each time they sell their bodies; but some of the boys with higher educational levels become very involved with the "gay" man, living with him, working for him, accepting presents from him, and meeting his friends. The counterpart in straight society would be the difference between a "street walker" and a "call girl."

While the street corner hustlers have been found for many years in cities of every size – behind the bus stations, near gay bars, in the city parks – and they are readily available to anyone who has the desire and the money, their method of operation has certain inherent dangers. Some cities, for instance, try to run the hustlers off the streets, and it's not uncommon for them to be arrested and hastled by the police. Some vice squads go so far as to try and arrest both the hustler and his customers. Other problems they face are getting cheated by their customers, embarassed, and even such things as the competition on the next corner can really hurt their "business."

For these reasons and many more, lots of kids nowadays are hustling by telephone, that is, they compile lists of their customers and contact them by phone. An even newer way to hustle is by placing or answering ads in the underground newspapers.

Since the emergence and acceptance of drugs among American youth in the past few years, many hustlers have become tragically involved in the drug scene. And some older homosexuals have been quick to take advantage of this fact. They keep in their possession, or are able to obtain, the various types of pills and drugs, using them to "pay" the hustler for his services. Speed, LSD, and pot are only a few of the many kinds of drugs commonly available, and "pot" is the most widespread.

Many hustlers who are already involved in the drug scene prefer the drugs instead of money, as it eliminates an extra step for them in obtaining what they want.

Several of the boys interviewed told of instances where a "john" got them "high" on drugs, and then cheated them by not paying them. Even worse than this is the fact that some homosexuals purposely take advantage of younger hustlers by getting them "hung up" or "strung out" on various drugs and demanding sex in exchange for a free supply of "dope."

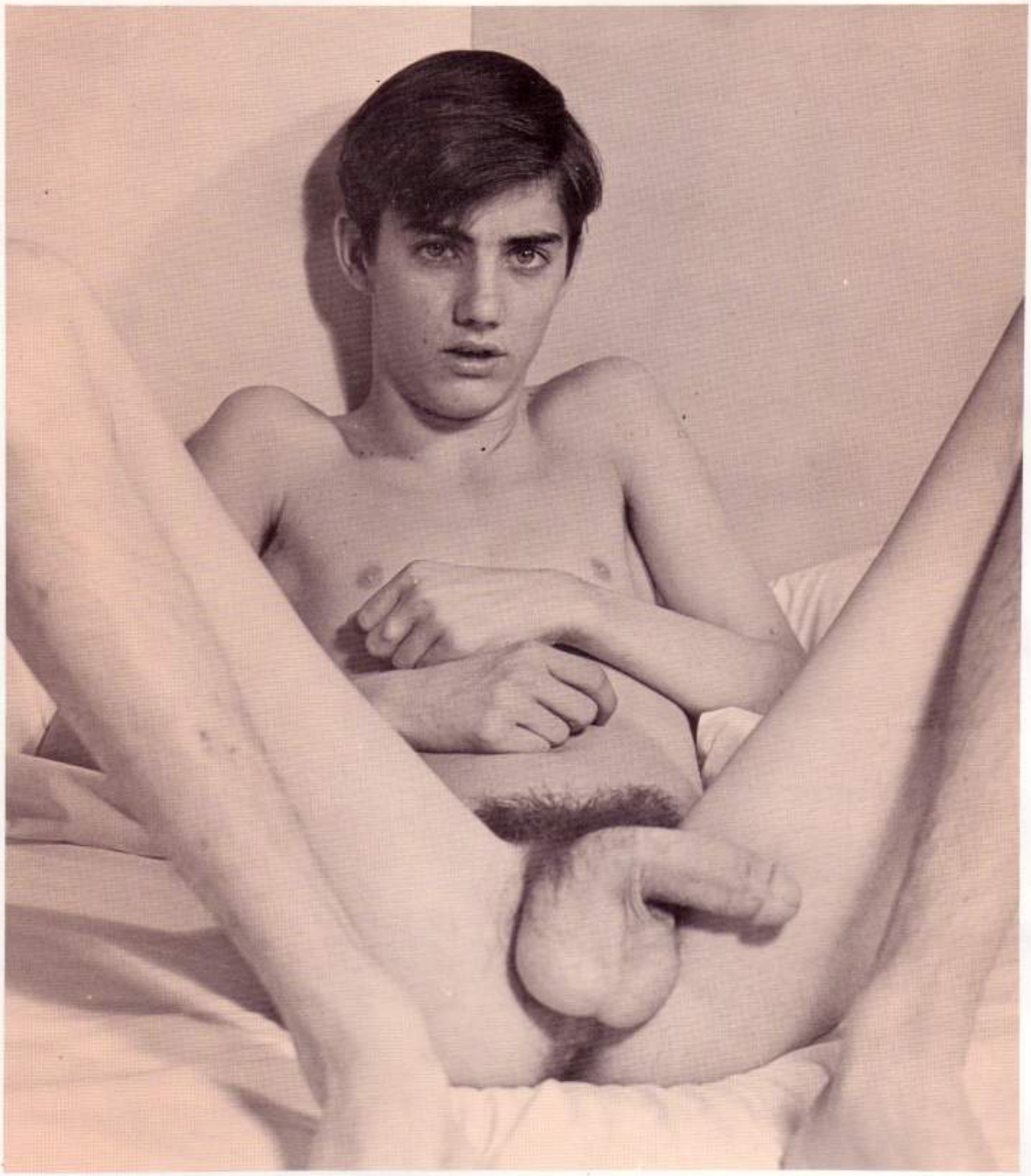
Dealing with the drug element and mixing it with prostitution can lead to double trouble, but so far, the number of hustlers and homosexuals involved in drugs remains very small. At any rate it is still a form of payment when the hustler receives drugs for his sexual favors, so the principal motivation behind hustling remains the same, money.

There are, however, some males who seek a sexual outlet in the form of homosexual activity. These persons are generally homosexual and do not know it, but they subconciously prefer such relations. They have emotional problems and hang-ups coupled with guilt complexes which cause them to want money in exchange for their sexual favors. They rationalize to themselves that they are not "queer" to do "those things" with men; they're only doing it for the money."

They usually eventually realize that they are homosexual, and they are the kind that fight such realizations strongly. It is not uncommon for older homosexuals to state that they "started out" as hustlers.

Your editor does not know of any sociological study or survey which gives actual figures and statistics on "hustling". Such a study should be made if we are to ever know the true facts as to how many American boys and men are engaged in male prostitution. Meanwhile, we can only conclude that the principal motivation for this behavior, which continues to flourish in spite of the fact that it's illegal, is the desire for money.

THE EDITOR



All photos posed by professional models. Stories and texts are not intended to describe their actual personalities and/or conduct . . .

This material was produced so that all interested adults may have a better understanding of sexual activities between males. Our offering of this material is not to be construed to mean that we agree with, condone, or encourage such behavior. However, sexual activity between males is a fact of life, and interested adults should not be denied an opportunity to study this facet of human sexuality.

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Hustler's lot is not a happy one

Selma Avenue is a street of troubled souls. It stretches through the heart of Hollywood, and on its corners, any day or night, are found the unwanted and misbegotten youth of Middle America. There they offer their bodies for an hour or so of sex for whatever price it will bring.

They range from 15 to 25 years old and come mainly from small towns or suburbs of large cities. They are usually unseasoned in the ways of city life. But they learn fast from those who have spent time on the streets – from Selma to Main Street, U. S. A. And while hustlers are not known for their intellectual acumen, they nevertheless possess an unusual amount of common sense which enables them to survive in their dog-eat-dog world.

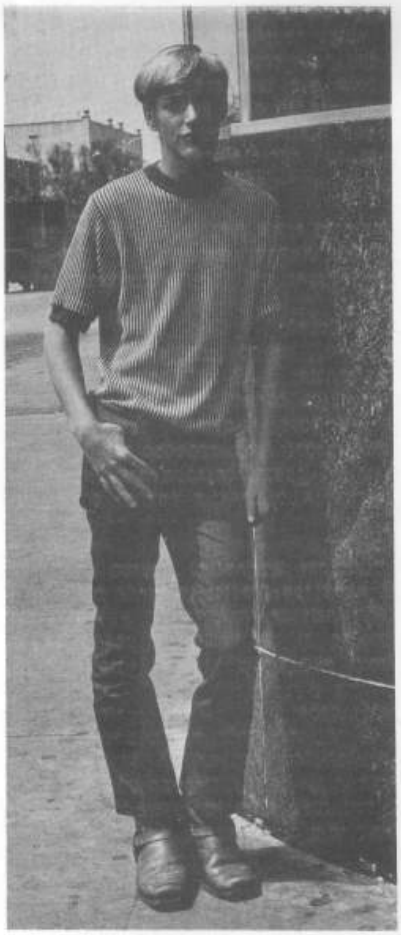
Hustling, in this day and age, is lucrative, and easy. For a boy who possesses even the minimal required attractiveness for such a "business" and is able to make the most of it, there is substantial reward. Yet, years later, most hustlers have no more money or possessions than when they first came to town.

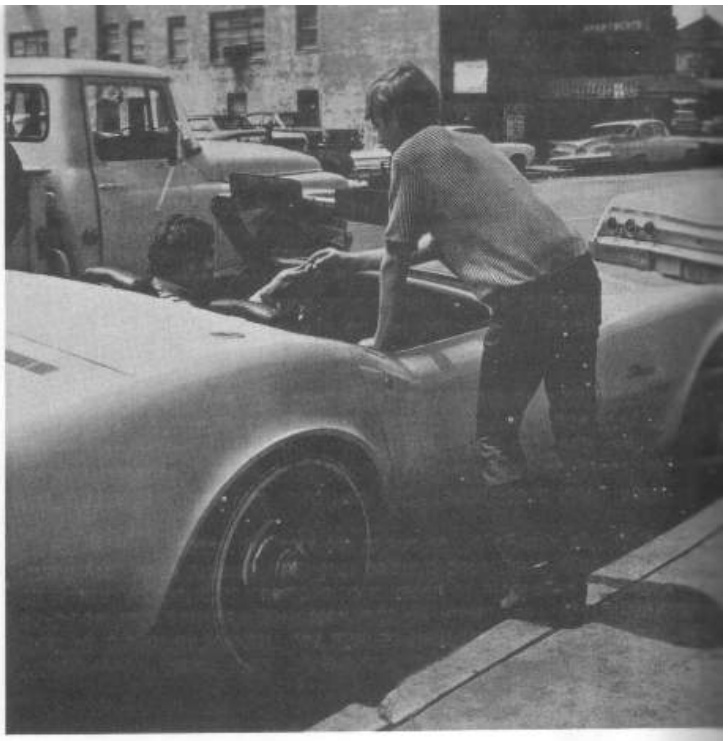
The hustler requires a particular mentality to sustain the "business" of hustling.

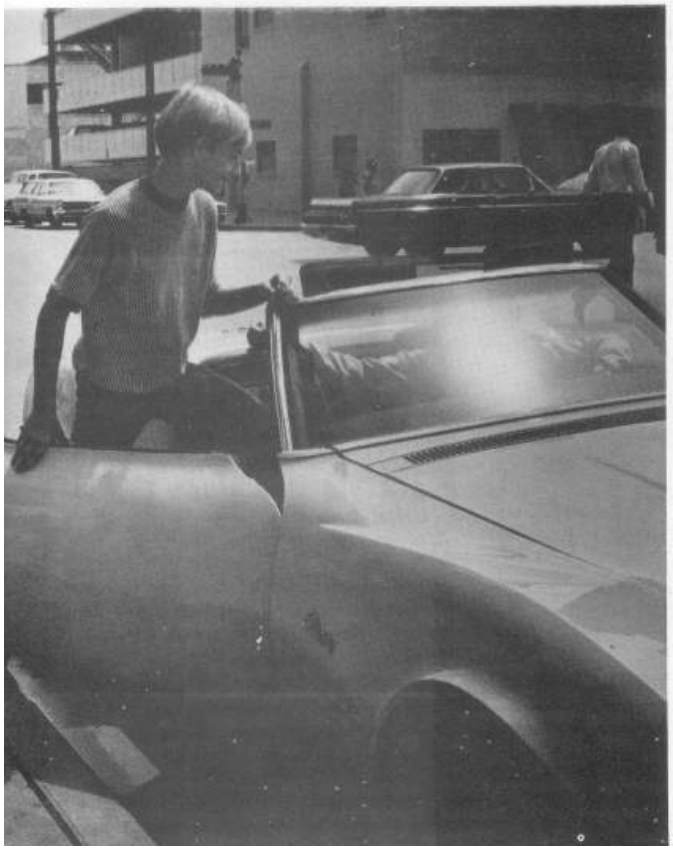
Don, a blond, gaunt youth, with a distinct Texas drawl, spoke of his experiences as we stood in the shadow of the Baptist Church which looms over a section of Selma Avenue.

"I began hustling for bread in Dallas when I was 16. I just lived a piece from there, so I'd go over on weekends and make some bread. I'd usually clear around fifty for two days' work."

Don is now 18. And he, like so many other youths who become involved in hustling, quit high school because of a lack of interest.







Some hustlers do finish high school but are not functionally educated. Thus, they end up doing unskilled work, which is unusually hard work, so when the opportunity comes for them to earn anywhere from 15 to 50 dollars for simply allowing someone to use their bodies, they jump at the chance.

Most hustlers are transients, drifting from one major city to another, always hoping to make that one big "hit" that will make them financially independent; most of them never do.

"I live with a chick," Don said almost defensively. "We came out here from Texas about two months ago. She knows what I do to make money, but she don't care as long as I don't turn queer. You know what I mean?"

"I'm going to Frisco when I make enough bread; they say the tricks are richer up there. If you stay too long in any one city, the fuzz'll bust you, and I can't afford to be busted again. I've been picked up twice already."

"How much do you usually charge? And what do you do for it?"

"That depends. I mean the more you pay, the more I do. Except screwing, I don't like to be screwed. I charge 10 or 15 if you blow me; if I blow you it's 20, sometimes 25; it depends on what the guy looks like. If the guy's real old I usually say 50, and I usually settle for 35. Some guys make as much as a 100 dollars a day on the street. Of course, it depends on how many times you can come. Five times a night is the most I can do it. I know one guy who can come as many times as there are tricks to pay for it."

There are two principal types of hustlers – the so-called straight ones, who think of hustling strictly as a business (Don is this type), and the young gay boy who has come to Hollywood in hopes of being discovered by a movie producer (yes, Virginia, they still believe that old line about the girl sipping a soda in a drugstore). Or they see themselves finding a rich lover who will support them. In the meantime, Selma Avenue and the motorized tricks will pay their room and board.

Mike traveled from Alabama to Tinseltown, U.S.A., in order to stake his claim to what was left of "Hollywood Gold." Mike is smallish with slender hands. You could call him effeminate without being derogatory. He has been in Hollywood for four months and has not been able to find steady work because, as he says, "I look too queer."

"I came out here with some other kids, but they went on up to San Francisco. For a while it wasn't so bad. I had some money, but then it ran out, and I had to pay my share of the rent. I'm staying with another boy from home, but he only makes 70 dollars a week in some wig shop; he's studying to be a hairdresser. So I go to Selma to make some money. I don't like doing that sort of thing. I mean I'm gay and everything, but some of those old men are really awful. But I need the money. What else can I do, I have no skills and no money to go to school."

Hustling – the oldest profession – has been around for quite a while and will undoubtedly remain as long as there are people willing to pay. Most of them who cruise Selma in search of sex are older men who, for various reasons, are prepared to pay for an hour of impersonal and self-satisfying sexual experience.

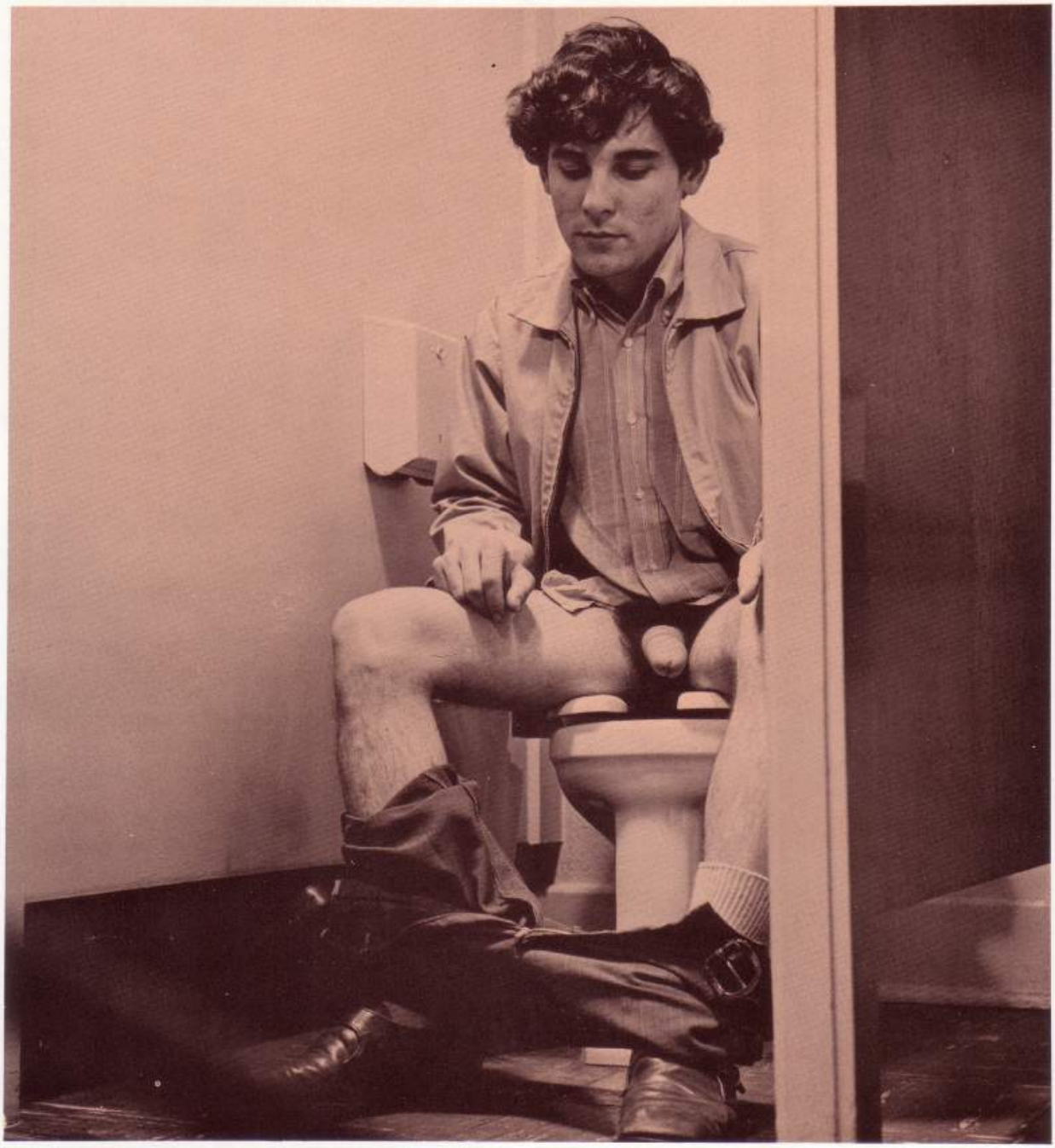
Wherever there is promiscuous sexual activity there is also a high VD rate. Selma is no exception. According to the Health Department, the VD rate in Hollywood is higher than it's ever been, and much of it is directly attributable to the hustlers.

Don will move on, for there are many Selma Avenues in America, and maybe Mike will find what he's looking for – whatever it is – and as quickly as they leave more will come to take their places.

HOMOSEXUAL ACTS IN PUBLIC RESTROOMS – – A CASE HISTORY

"...SEX in Public TOILETS TURNS ME ON..."

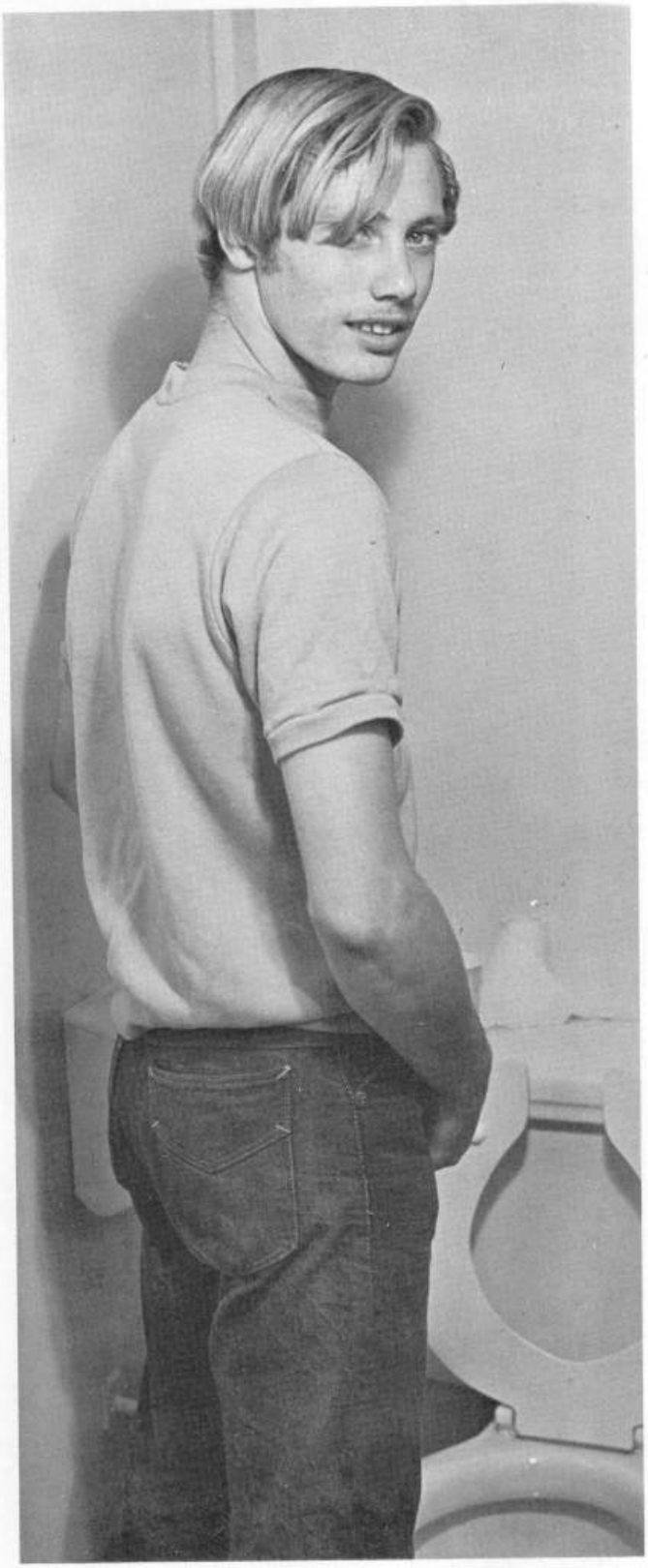
A 19 year old homosexual tells a true story – – – in his own words



I sat on the toilet, playing with my prick, waiting . . . . it was Saturday morning and you can always find me here on Saturday mornings . . . . lots of hustlers come in here for a quick blow job and a few bucks. They're usually kids in their late teens who've heard about the place. I'm just 19 myself, but I've been coming here for nearly 4 years. Only difference is that now it's me *giving* the blow jobs instead of *getting* them.

There used to be lots of writing on the walls, you know, stuff like "show hard for blow job", "meet me here at 4 PM for nine juicy inches . . . " stuff like that! Hell there even used to be a glory hole where you could suck off a guy's cock while he stayed in his own booth. But recently they remodeled this whole fucking place . . . . new metal partitions, fresh paint, the whole bit . . . . I was thinking about writing something nasty on their fresh, clean wall, or maybe drawing a picture of a big hard prod, when I heard footsteps, and the door opened.

I could tell by the way he shuffled his feet that he was a teenager. As he entered the booth next to me my prick started to stiffen. I heard him unzip and take a short piss, but I didn't hear him zip back up. I knew he must be playing with himself which meant that the next move would be up to me.



My prick was throbbing between my legs as I leaned out and spoke to him. I used the oldest opener in the book. "Hey, buddy, gotta light?" I asked. My voice boomed in the empty room and I wondered if anyone could hear me outside.

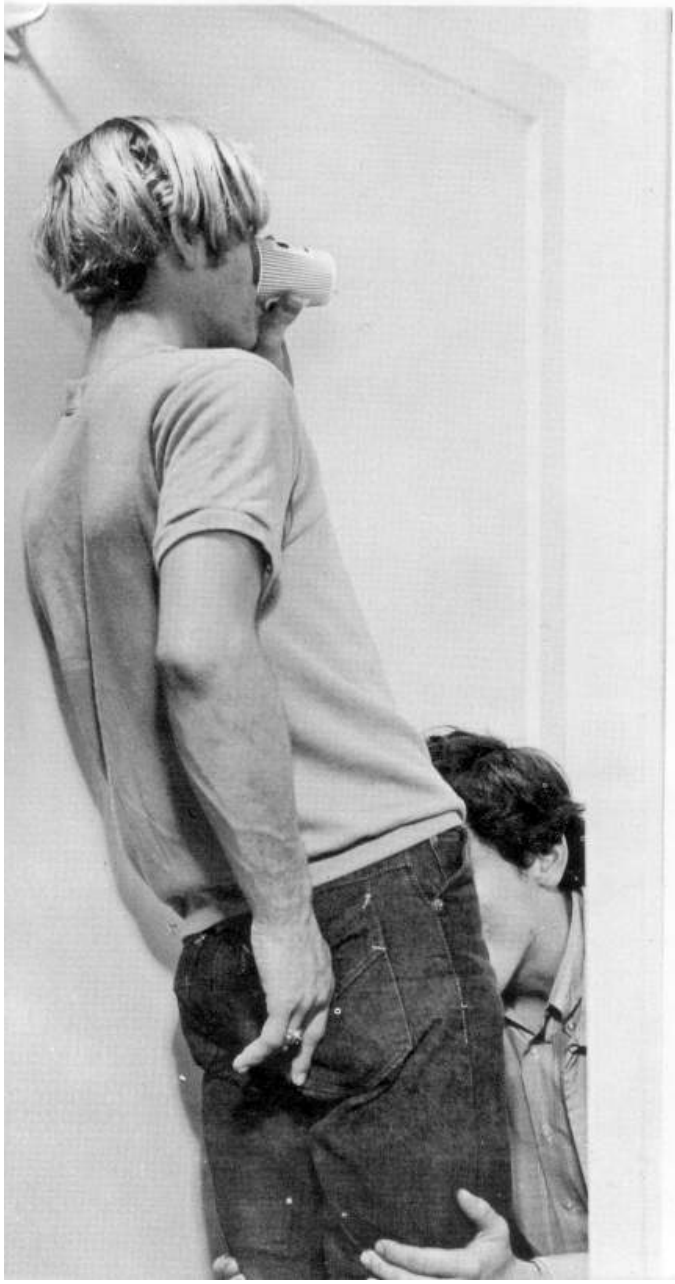
He stepped over to my booth with his hard peter waving out of his fly. He stopped in front of me, spread his legs, and grabbing his meat in his hands he thrust it right at me, only inches away.

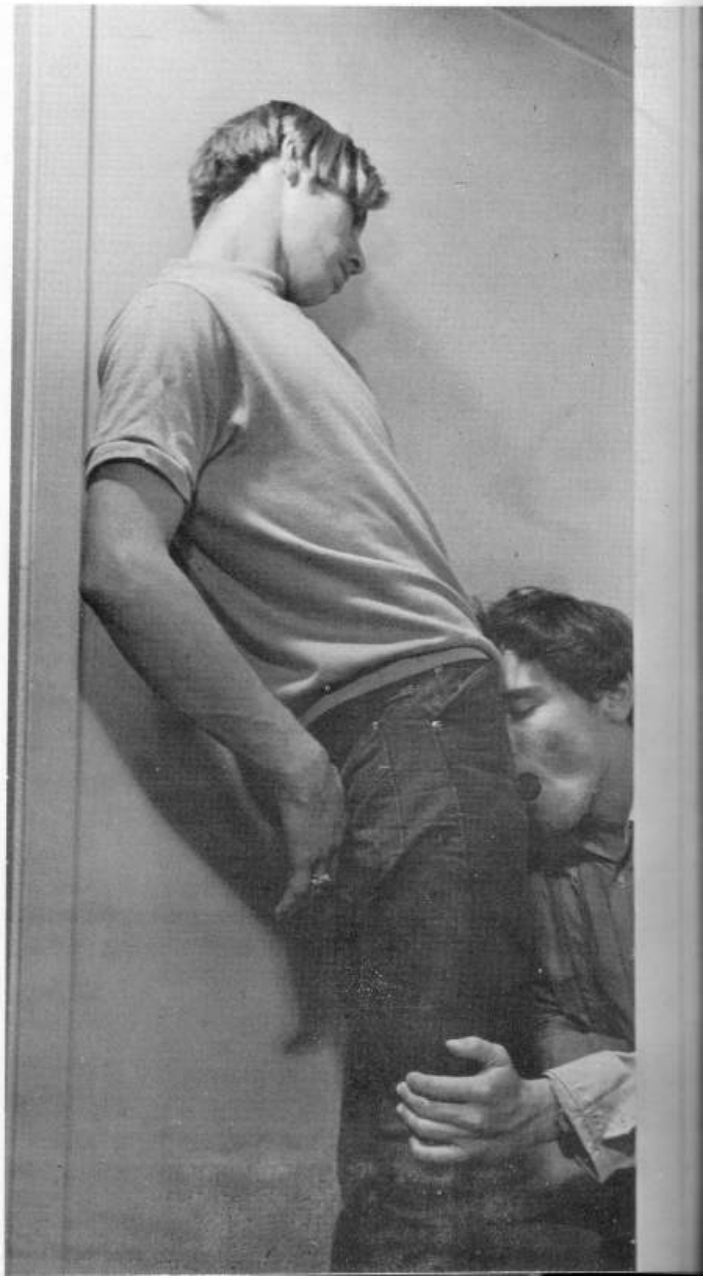
"Naw, but I got a *fire*, if you want it!" he said with a grin, as the tip of his peter touched my lips. I licked at the little drops of juice gathered at the slit, then I went to town on it! It was a fat, horny prick, at least 7 big inches. At first he was the typical butch guy, nonchalant, but pretty soon he was responding by hunching his prick into my mouth in earnest.

He was panting like a tiger as he shoved his thick cock in all the way. The rough cloth of his blue jeans ground into my face as he began to shoot his red hot load. He leaned back against the partition and raised his crotch forward as his prick spewed more and more cum into my mouth.

I hadn't planned to get my rocks off first thing in the morning, but without realizing it, I was furiously beating my meat and shooting off sticky gobs of warm sperm all over my hand. Finally we were both through shooting, and I stuffed his limp peter back in his pants and zipped him up. This was the moment I always hated 'cause some tricks are nice, but some can be real bastards after they get their jollies off.

"Whew", was about he said, and then he added "I better split now," but he was hesitating to leave. I





reached down to my pants and drew out a ten dollar bill, handing it to him. "Thanks, see ya' around," he said, and he was gone.

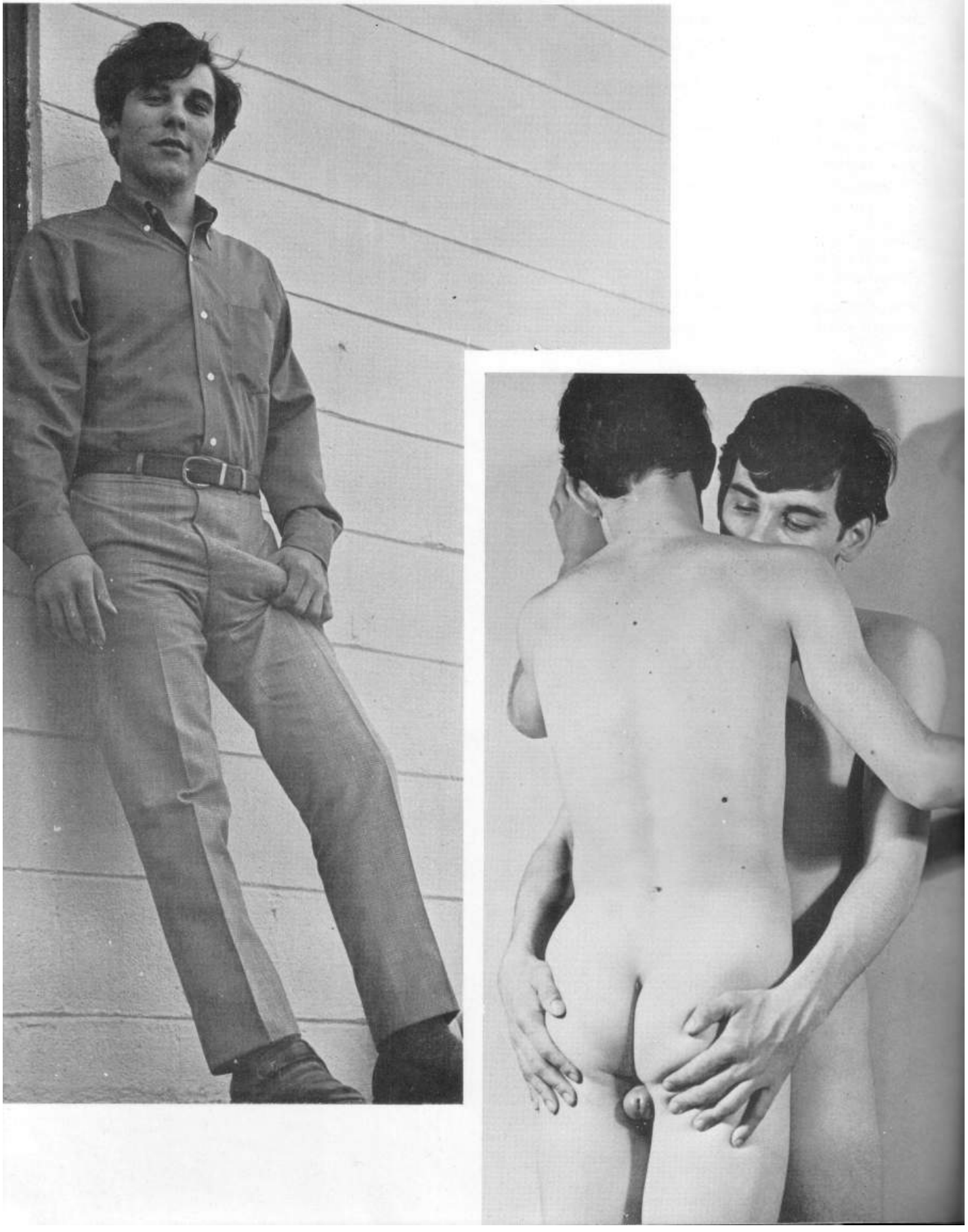
It wasn't five minutes before the door opened again, and this old guy came in. He was sloppy and dirty looking, and I could hear him wheezing and coughing as he sat down in the booth next to me. It took him about 10 seconds to pass a note under the partition to me. It said, "Do you want a good B J?"

It took me about 10 more seconds to get the fuck out of there, for some fresh air. That dirty old man would ruin my crusing for awhile anyhow. I stood up against the corner of the building and waited.

Man, this neighborhood had gone to the dogs. This old railway station still looked depressing, in spite of the new coat of paint. I wondered how many guys had gotten their rocks off in the tearoom over the years. The place was pretty deserted. Nobody rides the trains nowadays. All I could see were a coupla winos across the street.

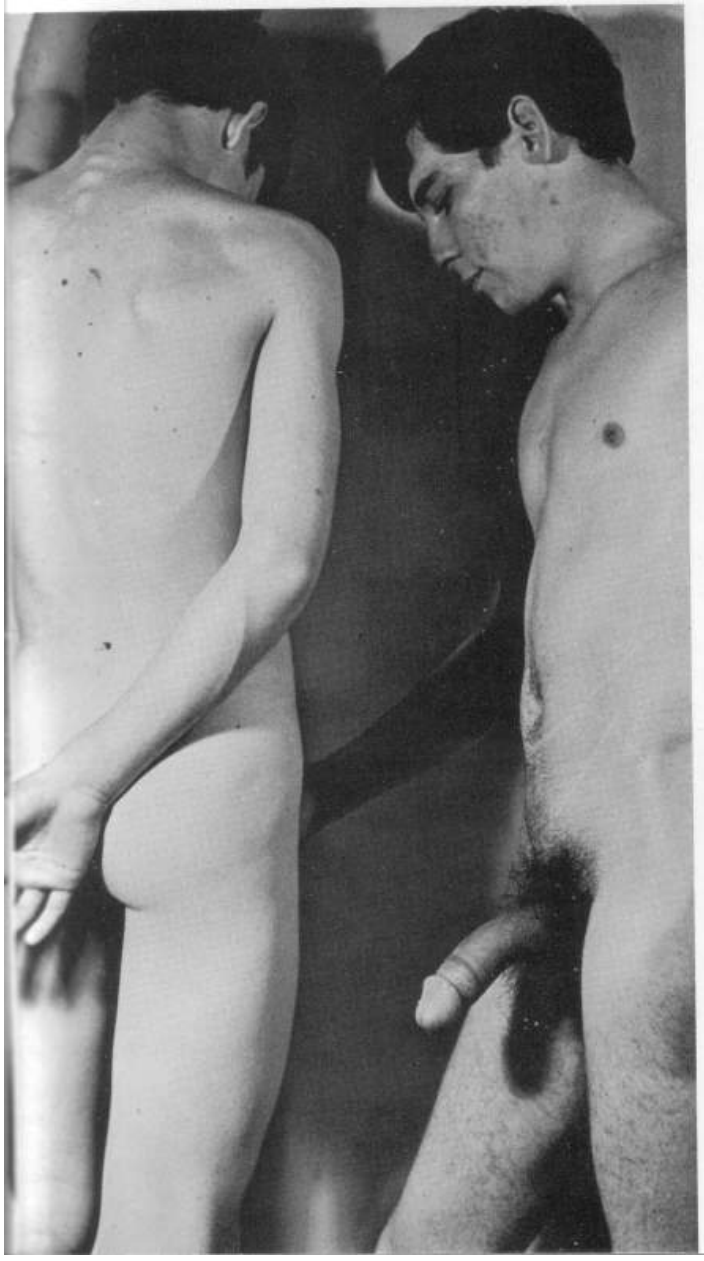
I had just about decided to get in my car and cruise downtown for awhile, when I noticed this kid about a block away, walking toward the station. As he got closer, I saw that he was young, about 14 or so. He was slim and looked good in his tight levis and pull over shirt. I kinda reached my hand down and squeezed my dick in my pants.

He walked straight over to me.



I asked him if he was there to catch a train or what, and he answered that he was just "killing time, looking for something to do." I saw he had a hard on in his pants, so I asked him to go for a ride with me. Under my breath I cussed that old man for hogging the tearoom. I don't like to take tricks to my house, 'cause I don't want 'em to know where I live. You know, I don't want to get involved with them, and besides, my mom would be asking hundreds of questions.

But I didn't have any choice. I figured mom would be gone shopping on Saturday morning, and I was right. As we turned in the driveway, I didn't see her car. But I couldn't waste any time. We went right into my bedroom and I quickly threw a couple of 45's on the record player. It was obvious we were both hot so I just reached over and rubbed his dick in his pants. We started kissing as I undid his fly, then we stripped off naked. Man, was he excited. His young cock was sticking straight up in the air. It was short and thick and really rock hard, the way only a young kid can be hard. His balls were big and healthy looking, rosy pink and hairless. We sat down side by side on the bed and made out for awhile, then we got in a 69 position. He started playing with my dick and examining it. I could tell he was fascinated with it. I've got an honest 8½ inches and I could tell he'd never seen one that big.



He had a grip on it that wouldn't quit, and he started licking on the head like a kid lapping at an ice cream cone. I went down on him all the way, sucking his whole peter into my throat, and all the time I could feel him nibbling and sucking at the head of my prick with his young, inexperienced lips. His body was jerking and convulsing in excitement, and he was already cuming. His juice oozed out warm and sweet, like honey.

I turned over on my back, hoping he'd finish sucking me off, but he climbed up over me instead, straddling my face. His peter was just as stiff as if I'd never sucked it, so I went down on him again. He fucked me in the mouth and I swear it wasn't more than half a minute til he shot off again.

This time his cum shot out stronger. I could feel the spurts of his young, fresh juice splash against my throat.

But he wasn't through yet. And neither was I.

He turned on his stomach, spread his legs wide, rearing his ass up in the air. His big pink balls were bulging out from between his legs on the sheet.

I knew he wanted me to fuck him in the ass, but first I got down between his legs and sucked on his balls, then up his warm crack to his ass hole. I spread his cheeks wide open and explored and excavated with my tongue as he wiggled his ass around.

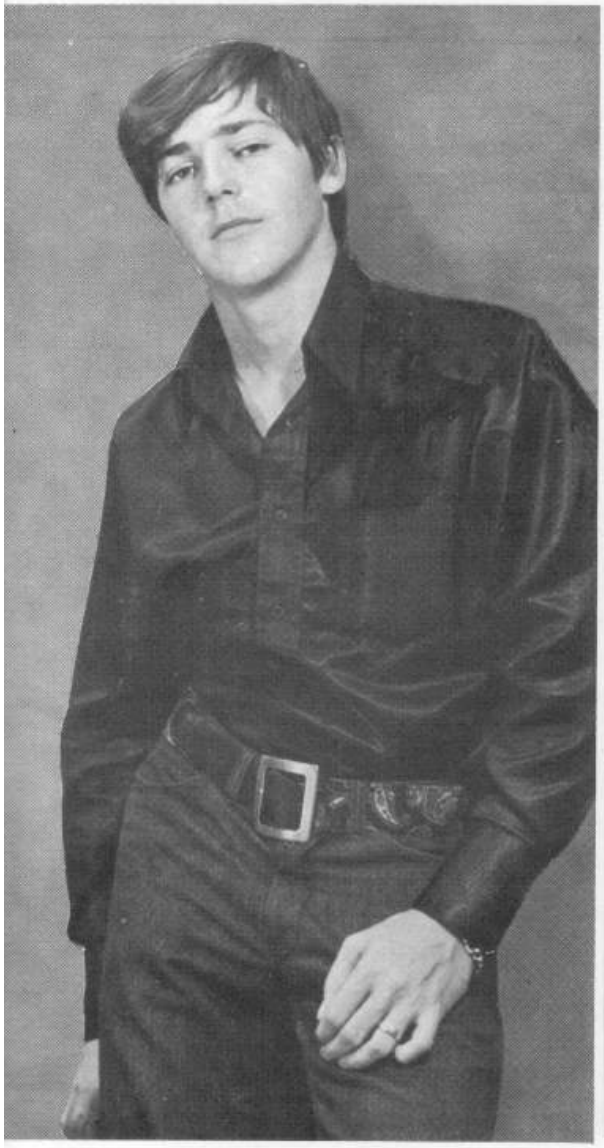
He was pleading and whimpering he wanted it so bad. My prick was about to explode and it was swollen up so big I wondered if this young kid could take it all.

"Fuck me, fuck me," he kept repeating, low under his breath. At least, that's what I think he was saying.

He got up on his elbows and knees and backed up til his ass was crammed against my throbbing prick. I shoved forward and to my surprise, his ass hole swallowed up the full – long length of my penis in one smooth gulp.

Easier than putting my hand in a glove, and just as tight, like the glove was a size too small!

I looked down and watched as the huge shaft of my dick disappeared into the boys body. The friction and warmth increased as I fucked him faster and faster, and then, like a flash of lightning, I shot load after load of gism into him.



We collapsed together and rested for about fifteen minutes, I guess, but he wanted to be fucked again! He suddenly got up and sat on my stomach, and rubbed my prick with his butt 'til I started to get another boner!

This time, he laid on his back with his ass at the edge of the matress. I got down on the floor on my knees and guided my revived prick into his wet hole. I just stayed still and let him do most of the work. I was too tired to move. He pumped his body up and down on my prick til he brought me off again. Hell, I wasn't even all that interested the second time. I really wanted to suck him off again, but I heard my mother turn in the driveway.

We dressed faster than you can believe and sneaked out the front door just as she was coming in the back. I drove the boy back to town, and gave him fifteen dollars. I was still shaking from the scare my mom had given me. What if she'd walked in on us fucking? That's what I liked about the tearoom at the railroad station. Even if somebody did walk in on you, it wouldn't be your mom. It would just be another kid wanting a blow job, or at worst it would be an older gay guy wanting to blow you.

I pulled up in front of the station and shut the engine off. Just in time to see a guy about 19 or so entering the lobby. I got out of my car and followed him in.

As I entered the restroom he was standing against the far wall with his hand down by his crotch. His blue jeans bulged in the right place. I was getting hard myself, and I couldn't help but be amazed that I could get sexed up again so soon after getting my rocks.

I guess it was the excitement of him being a stranger and the danger of it being in a public place, but I was ready to go again! Neither of us spoke a word, but like two robots, we moved to our expected places. I got in the nearest booth and sat down. He stood before me, spreading his legs.

After much struggling and straining, he managed to pull out the horniest, heaviest hunk of uncircumcized meat I'd seen on a kid in a long time. It curved to the right and upward out of his fly, and the fat pink head was shiny and glossy looking.

I unbottoned his pants and pulled them down low. I grabbed him around the hips with both hands and pulled him to me. As I started sucking on him, I couldn't help but think about my budget. I'd already spent $25 and here would be another ten. Half my weeks take home pay shot to hell in one Saturday morning!

But he was ramming me like a stallion. My lips skinned him back and his plump juicy head was leaking like a faucet!. The more it turned me on, the more I swallowed, til I finally had the full hard prick down my throat.

He was really a horny bastard. He lunged forward so violently, it almost knocked me off the commode. He was getting his cookies in my mouth. Hot jet streams of cum kept spurting like a fountain, til I couldn't swallow anymore.

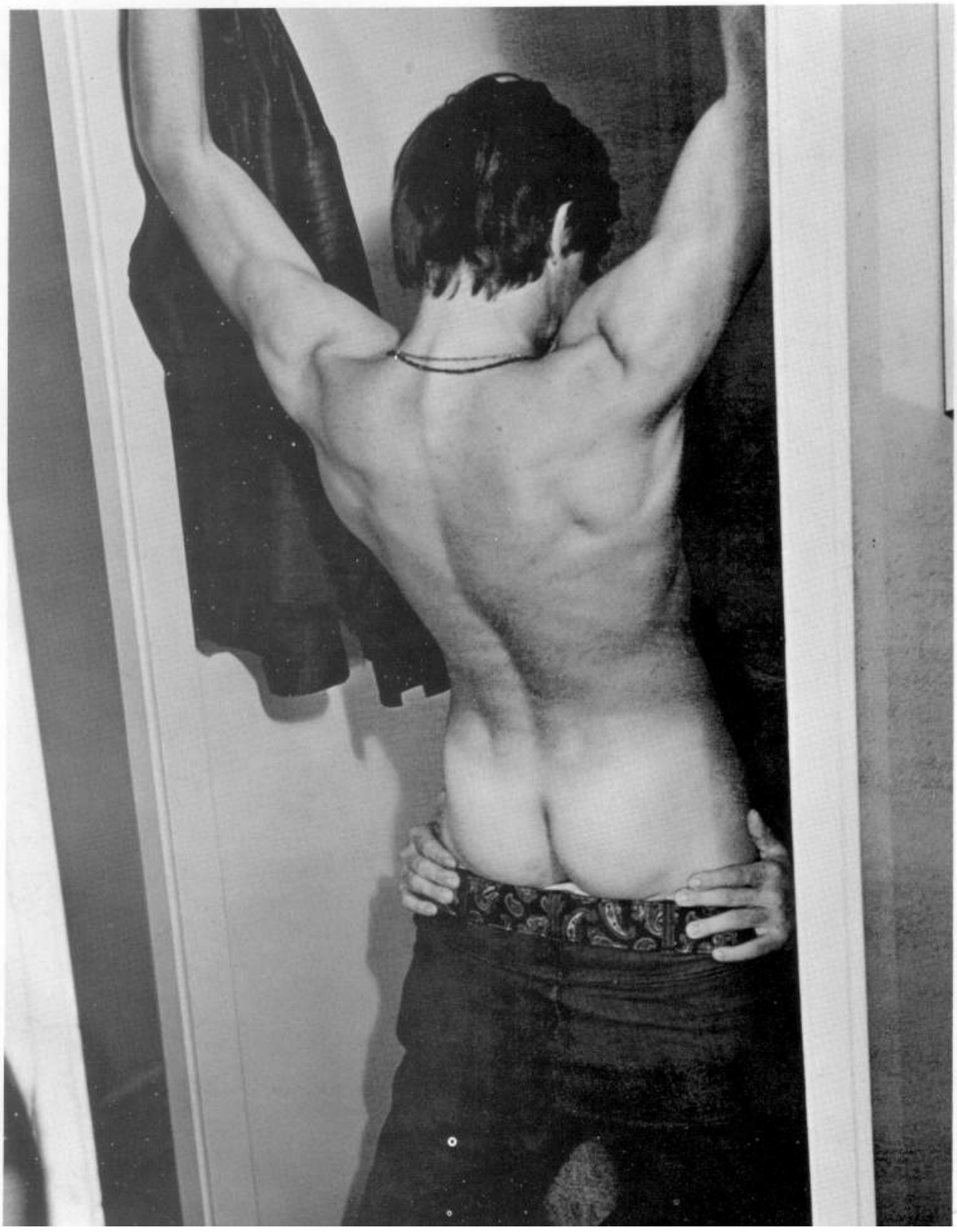
I pulled away and watched his prick drip and waste a couple of spurts of the stuff, but I just wasn't horny anymore. I gave him ten dollars as he was putting his shirt back on, but he became beligerent. He said a big cock like his was worth at least twenty bucks, so I gave him another fiver, and told him that was all I had, period!

He snatched the money and left. I sat there half dazed, still tasting his sticky load in my throat. I started thinking about the forty dollars I'd spent. It worried me, but I knew I couldn't help myself.

I wondered if I was hopelessly sick. I wondered what my mom would do if she knew how I spent my Saturdays. I wondered if I'd still be doing this when I was older. I couldn't answer all these questions, but there's one thing I knew.

I knew I'd be right back there the next Saturday, bright and early!

■ THE END ■



HOMOSEXUAL ACTS IN PUBLIC RESTROOMS – – A SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY

The Phenomenon of Impersonal Sex

by H. D. Griffiths

Sociologist Laud Humphreys has recently completed two years researching the phenomenon of impersonal sex. In a recently issued study *(Tearoom Trade: Impersonal Sex in Public Places,* Aldine Publishing Co.), he has outlined his findings. Ironically, this activity, although widespread, has rarely been studied.

What Kind of People?

What type of people frequent "tearooms?" and why are public restrooms chosen for sexual activities? Surprisingly, to Humphreys anyway, is the diversity of people found in such places – married men with children, single straight types, doctors, teachers, salesmen, and even gas station attendants. Quick sex can be had other places, such as in theatres, in cars, and behind bushes; yet public restrooms are still the predominant meeting place for those in search of "instant sex". Although the precentage of the male population who participate in tearoom sex is somewhat less than 16% according to Kinsey Research Institute figures, they produce the majority of arrests for homosexual offenses in the United States.

Few places offer the advantages that restrooms provide. "They are accessible, easily recognized by the initiate, and provide little visibility. They attract a large volume of potential sexual partners and an opportunity for rapid action with a variety of men." The number of persons participating in tearoom activity is enormous.

Humphreys said that one summer afternoon he witnessed 20 acts of fellatio in the course of an hour while waiting out a thunderstorm in a tearoom. Participants assured Humphreys that it was not uncommon for one man to fellate as many as 10 others in a day. In fact, one man claimed to have averaged three men a day during the busy season.

Many men frequent the same facility repeatedly, thus becoming known as regulars. A physician in his fifties was so punctual that he appeared at almost the same time each day "for a blow-job." Another man, a salesman, usually visited his favorite men's room at least twice a day, and he claimed to have had as many as four orgasms in a 24-hour period. He was married and the father of two children. Of Humphreys' research subjects, 54% were married and living with their wives.

Those looking for impersonal sex in tearooms are relatively certain to find the sort of partner they prefer. One participant stated: "You go into the tearoom. You can pick up some really nice things in there. It is a matter of sex real quick; you can always find someone to suck your cock, morning, noon, or night."

The so-called "closet queens" are the persons most attracted to tearoom sex. "Tearooms are popular, not because they serve as gathering places for homosexuals, but because they attract a variety of men, a *minority* of whom are active in the homosexual subculture and a large group of whom have homosexual self-identity.

Another crucial aspect of the tearoom encounter is that there is almost no conversation between the participants. In 50 encounters on which Humphreys made extensive notes, only in 15 were any words spoken, and those were usually pointed remarks such as "not so hard" or "thanks." Silence in these sexual liaisons, like all other characteristics of the tearoom setting serves to guarantee anonymity and asures the impersonality of the occasion.

Only in a public place, such as a park restroom, could the lack of personal involvement in sex, so desired by the participants, be so ideally provided. There is in these public settings, a sort of democracy that is endemic to impersonal sex.

In order to definitely research his subject, Humphreys became, for all intent and purposes, a voyer.

"When human behavior is being examined, systematic observation is essential; so I had to become a participant-observer of furtive, felonious acts. Fortunately, the very fear and suspicion of tearoom participants produces a mechanism that makes such observation possible; A third person (generally one who obtains voyeuristic pleasure from his duties) serves as a lookout, moving back and forth from door to window. Such a 'watchqueen,' as he is labeled in the homosexual argot, coughs when a police car stops nearby or when a stranger approaches. Having been taught the role of watchqueen, I played that part faithfully while observing hundreds of acts of fellatio."

In the world of the "tearoom queen" there exists, as it does in other spheres of homosexual life, a distinct relationship between age and sexual activity. Humphreys observed that in most cases fellatio was usually performed by older men on younger ones. He found a strong reference to what he called "the crisis of aging." One respondent candidly told him; "I started off as the straight, young thing. Everyone wanted to suck my cock. I wouldn't have been caught dead with one of the things in my mouth! . . . So, here I am 40 – with grown kids – and the biggest cocksucker in town."

In summation, Humphreys writes: "It is difficult to interview these people without becoming depressed over the hopelessness of their situation. They are almost uniformly lonely and isolated; Lacking success in either marriage bed or work, unable to discuss their three best friends (because they don't have three); en route from din of factories to the clamor of children, they slip off the freeways for a few moments of impersonal sex in a toilet stall."

WHY YOUNG BOYS HAVE SEX WITH OLDER BOYS & MEN

A CASE HISTORY - - - - - A TRUE STORY - - -

Told in his own words by a Boy of 15

I guess maybe most kids know somebody like Mike. You hate Mike; he's always picking on you. You know, you're in line somewhere and, for some reason, he's always behind you. Then, when you least expect it, he gooses you and you jump and yell and everyone laughs like hell, even the girls and you get red and you want to poke him in the face only you don't and you don't know why. And you go to take a piss and he's always standing next to you. You know he's looking and grinning at you and you can't piss and he says real low, "Whatcha doin', playing with it?" and it's the same thing again only worse because a long time ago he pushed you down in the weeds in an empty lot and twisted your arm and made you jerk your meat right in front of him and maybe it was him twisting your arm or something, but it was the first time you ever shot your wad and you were scared to death and started crying and he laughed like hell and made you jerk his meat for him only the minute you touched him he came and you watched it shooting out into the air right out of the end of his cock. A couple of times after that he laid for you on the way home from school but you either ran away when you saw him coming and once you had to fight him and finally he let you go only after that, he was always tormenting you whenever he could.

It didn't make any difference the first time you had trouble with Mike, you were only eleven and he was nineteen. And now you were fifteen and he was in his twenties; you always felt just like the day he was twisting your arm when you saw him. That is why, when he came up to you that afternoon and said, "Hi Joe, how yuh doin'?" you didn't want to answer because you were sure it would be a trick and finally you said, "Okay," and started to go away. Only Mike came along with you and started talking and you didn't want to listen but you did.

"Hey Joe," he said. "Look, I got something good, really good." Then you could hear the sneer for a moment in his voice. "Except prob'ly you're too scared to do it with me." So then he sounds friendly again. "Course, I could be wrong."

"Could be," you say, wishing he'd go away and let you alone.

"Look," he says. "You ever get a blow job?"

"Hell no," you answer, trying to sound smart. "who wants some goddamn' faggot?"

"Shit man," he says. "You just don't know the score on faggots. I got three – four take care of me all the time. And I say 'take care" I mean take care. One of 'em can't get enough; man he blows me couple times then sucks me a couple times and then wants more. Can't get enough cock, this one. Anyhow, besides I shake a buck loose from him now'n then between times an' all I want to drink and get any gals I want to lay I make him let me take 'em there. Once I made him pay a whore and he had to lie there and watch while I knocked it off and I said I'd never give it to him again if he didn't lick her out and get my come and he did. Anyhow, I take lotsa guys there for him to take care of and they all say you're too mouse-colored to go only I says you're not."

Which means you have to go. You don't want to, but you have to go; you can hear his sneering voice tomorrow if you don't. It's an apartment in Kew Gardens and he even has a key, lets himself in and makes himself at home. You're nervous as hell and take the drink he makes but you don't drink it. He throws himself on the couch and makes you sit down beside him and pulls out some photos of guys sucking each other and screwing each other in the ass and licking and after a minute, you look at them.

Again he asks, "You ever get blowed before?" and you say "Yes, couple of times," and are grateful he doesn't say he knows you're lying. "For real, huh?" he says, and then, "ever suck anybody?" which is where your blood gets cold but you manage to stammer out, "Hey, where's the queer? When's he comin' in?" He says, "Aw, screw the queer right now; he'll come along, only first I had to talk with you. You're in," he says it like it means something.

"In what?" you ask stupidly.

"Gang," he answers and now you are scared. You know the gang or The Gang with a capital T and G. A crew of toughs and hoods in the making. Everyone hears about the Gang and none of what you hear is good.

"Who wants to belong to it." you say, sounding brave.

"You do," he says. "You got elected. Now you get initiated."

"The hell you say!" and you start to get your jacket and go only he says," siddown. Judd and King 're waiting downstairs. You come out alone, they jump you. You gotta leave with me. Look out the window if you don't believe me." So you look out the window and they're there and you know you're lost and should have known it all the time. Now, you don't know what to do and you start looking at him stretched out on the couch, his hands hooked in his garrison belt and then you see something else; he's got a hardon and then you really know; worse you know he knows you know.

"You get it," he says. "Only this time you don't give me no hand job. This time you do it right."

"You can't make me," you yell and he says, "Yeah, I can. You gonna do it nice an' easy or you want all of us? Tell you one thing. Everybody else in the Gang got it the way you're gonna get it."

All you do is stand there and be scared and not keep your eyes off his hardon – and the really awful thing is you're getting hard yourself and you can't help it even it it's in front of Mike, you start to cry and beg him not to make you only he just lies there and takes it out of his pants and you beg more and get down on your knees beside the couch and take it and he keeps telling you to do this and how to suck it and you keep stopping and he pushes you back down on it and once you can't anymore and get up and start running for the door and he starts to get mad and go to the window and you start begging again, this time for him to come back; you'll do anything he wants only don't let them at you and he comes back and really makes you eat his cock and suck his balls.

Then he makes you lie down on the bed on your back and you have to lie there and look up at his cock sticking out of those jeans and he fucks your face, shoving it down your throat and while he's doing that, his hands are working at your belt and he has your pants open and he pulls your pants down some and jerks your meat a little, grabbing your cock roughly and it hurts and gets you hot, except actually you've been hot all the time.

Then he's back between your legs pushing them up in the air and you're not sure quite what's happening except he's pulling your pants down around your ankles and then you know; he's between your legs, your legs are in the air and his cock is rubbing around the outside of your asshole. You can't get anymore scared; you just push him away, half-heartedly but he always comes back harder and all you can say over and over is "Please Mike, Please Mike, don't do that to me, don't do it to me." and he's muttering about how hot your ass makes him – almost it's like making love to you and he's pulling something from under the pillow and it's greasy and then you start getting it. Oh, he's not too rough starting; he puts in in little by little, stretching you open and you lie and moan and try to take it all, all of it deeper and deeper and you know you can't take it but you do and then – he stops a minute, pulls you toward him, impaling you on that cock, and he buries his head in your crotch and takes your cock in his mouth and his hot mouth and lips drive you crazy even more than with his cock up you and you're nearly bursting trying to come and he sucks you a few moments then pushed you back up and he's now laying that cock up your ass and you don't know what you're saying because it hurts with every jab but every painful jab is driving you to the point of madness and he's beginning to moan, too, and he grabs your cock and starts jerking you and, in seconds, you're coming and he is too. You can feel his throbbing prick boring so deep you know it's coming out your mouth, but you're coming and he's coming and both of you are insane in the furious pleasure of it; your own come shooting into your face and you open your mouth and catch some and you want more and so does he, more cock up your ass! Then, shuddering, you collapse together and he holds you tight and nothing happens til he gets up and dresses. And as you're putting your clothes back on he hands you a few bucks and pats you on the butt. And as you leave you tell yourself that you'll never come to see him again – but deep down, you know you'll be back soon. ●●

SEX FOR MONEY – – A CASE HISTORY

A 16 year old boy tells . . . . . **HOW I BECAME A**

teenage hustler

I don't really remember the first time I ever had sex with another guy, 'cause I played around a lot when I was a kid, But I do remember how I got started hustling.

It was about two years ago when I was 14. My mom and dad got a divorce and I moved with my mom to another neighborhood. The people next door had a kid named Marty, about two years older than me. My mom didn't like him and told me to stay away from him, but that just made me wonder why, so I started seeing him on the sly.

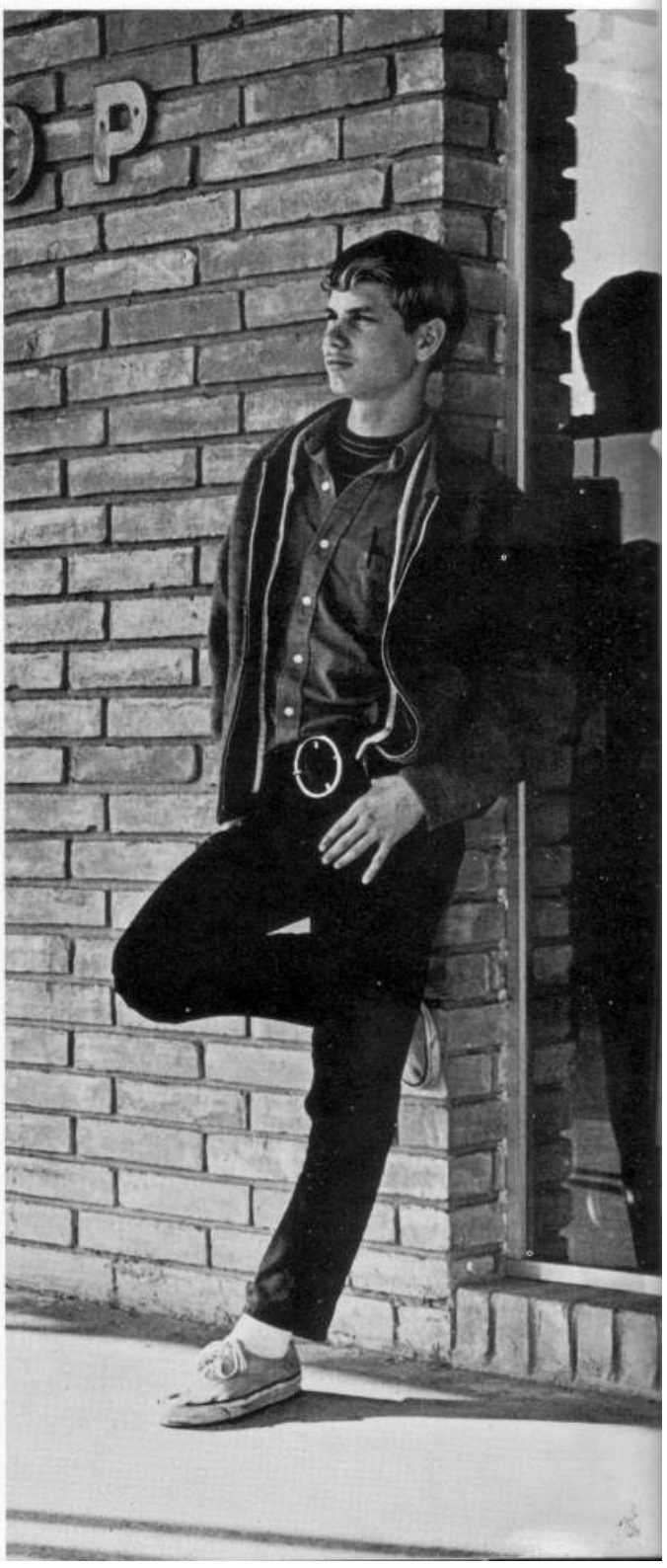
We got to be pretty good friends, and sometimes late at night, after mom had gone to bed, Marty would sneak over and tap on my window. I'd let him sneak in and climb in bed with me. We'd smoke cigarettes, and tell dirty jokes, and watch the late show on my little color TV.

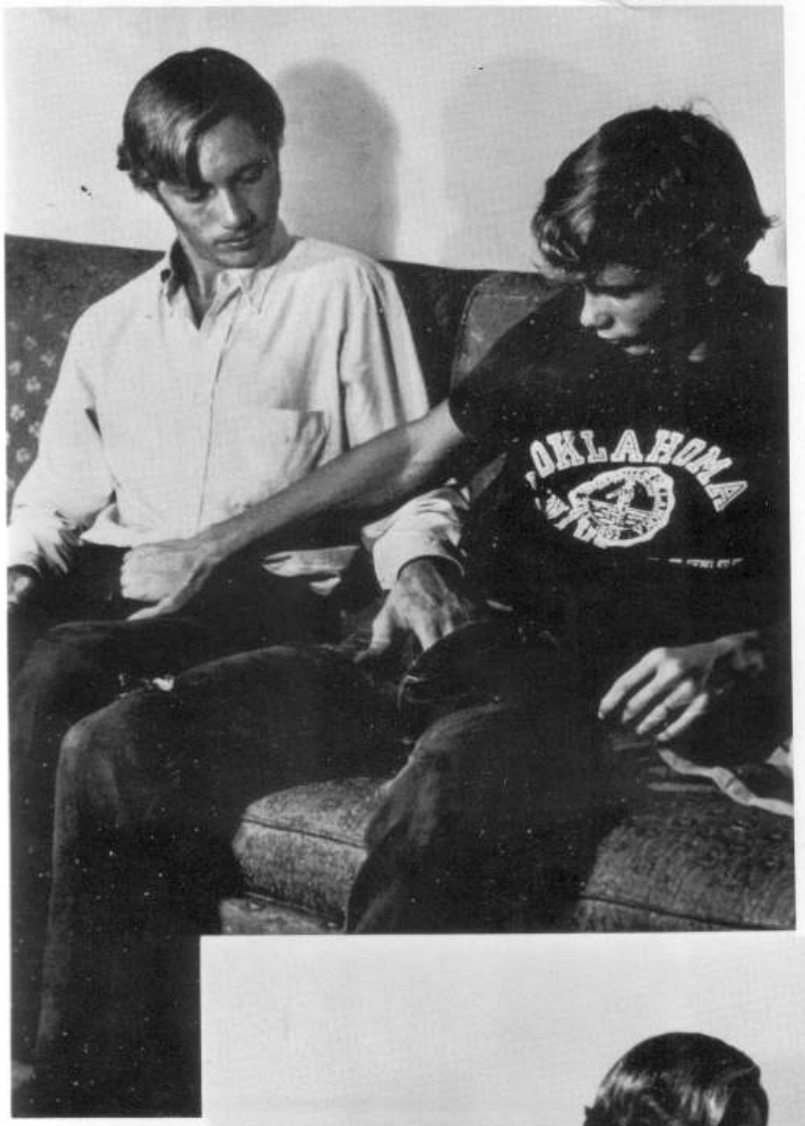
Sometimes he'd bring over a bottle of booze which he stole from his ol' man. We'd guzzle it down real fast til we got high as all shit, then we'd always play with each other's dicks. Marty couldn't get over that my rod was just as long and big as his, even tho' he was older than me.

He'd run his hands all down between my legs, and feel my balls, teasing and tickling me til we were both horny and ready to shoot. We'd grab each other's pricks and beat 'em til we popped off our red-hot loads. Then we'd fall asleep all snuggled up to each other.

I always set my alarm to go off before my mom got up at 7 AM. And Marty and I would beat off again before he would climb out the window and sneak back home. Mom was never the wiser.

I got to where I liked to get down in the sheets where Marty had shot his load, and the smell of his hot cum really sexed me up again. I'd pull and squeeze on my throbbing dick and suck up his juice 'til I shot off again. I knew it was "queer" to do this, but I didn't worry about it. I knew also that I really wanted to suck him off, but I was scared to try it.




OKLAHOMA

OKLAHOMA

But I figured if I got him real drunk, then I could blow him and he wouldn't even know it.

The next time he brought whisky over, I pretended to get real drunk, while I kept pouring the booze down him. I started playing with his dick and he looked pretty drunk to me, so I moved down and licked on it til it was stiff and big. I kept kissing and licking it, and he was mumbling under his breath for me to go ahead and suck it. Man, I was shaking like a leaf I was so nervous and excited.

I took it in my mouth and started really sucking on it. I could feel his cum building up in it. I sucked harder and harder cause I wanted to taste his cum. He pulled me around and started licking under the tip of my dick, which made me kinda vibrate all over! Pretty soon, he took it in his mouth and it felt warm and kinda tickled at the same time.

I could feel a terrific pressure building up and I suddenly was spurting off in his mouth. He was sperming too! We were both spurting off at the same time. All I can remember is that he shot gobs and gobs of his load into me, and I loved every drop of it.

I couldn't get enough! We kept sucking on each other til we shot off a second time. All together we blew each other off 3 or 4 times that first night, and again the next morning when we woke up!

That's when he first told me about hustling. He said that there were lots of older guys who would pay us to go to bed with them. He said I could make a lot of money if I'd suck them off too!

I told Marty I didn't want to suck anybody but him, but he said I should do it to them for the money, and I could still do it with him cause I liked him. I was so hard up for money I agreed to try it, so we made plans to go downtown that Friday night.

I didn't see Marty all week, 'cause I went to school every day, but he had dropped out. When Friday rolled around, I met him at the drugstore like we planned, and walked downtown with him. We went near the bus station, and stood around the corner on the side street. He showed me how to stand so that the gay guys would know we were hustling. He told me to let him do the talking, so that we would always have it understood in advance how much we'd get for doing what.

It wasn't long before a man in a black convertible pulled up. He had the top down, and he looked friendly enough, but I was nervous. But I just followed Marty as he got in the man's car, and we rode straight to a motel.

He was about 30 or 35 and when we went in his room, he tried to kiss me. I pulled away 'cause I didn't know whether it was part of the deal or not, but Marty told me to let him, so he did it again. A long, slow, wet, sloppy kiss, he stuck his tongue down my throat til I almost gagged. I wondered if all queers kissed like this?

He got us a beer out of a bucket of ice and told us to strip off. Marty wasn't the least bit shy; shit! he was naked and squeezing his cock so the guy could see it, before I even had my shirt off! But I was getting a hard on watching my buddy parade around naked, and pretty soon Marty and I jumped in the bed naked, horsing around and kinda wrestling.

The guy watched us for a few moments, then he turned the lights down and started stripping down too. Wow, I thought Marty and me had pretty big peters, but this guy was hung like a donkey. I watched his prick go hard and it grew and grew til it stood up as big around as my arm.

He went for me first, I guess cause of the way I was staring at his massive peter. He pulled me on my side and started going down on me, while I smelled his huge prick right in front of my face. It was strong and sexy smelling and I started trying to suck on it. Marty was jumping around behind me, kissing me on the back of the neck, and hunching his hot prick between my legs.

I was already going off like a tommy gun, and quickly the man swallowed my cum and moved down to Marty's ready cock.

Marty climbed over me and went after the man's prick like a dog after a bone! He was better at sucking the guy than I had been, 'cause I watched the huge peter shove deep into his stretched mouth. I was jealous that Marty would get the guy's load, 'cause even tho I loved Marty, I wanted to taste somebody else's cum just to see what it was like.

But I was wrong. Marty had already shot off and had quit sucking the guy. The huge prick was all swelled up from all that suckin'. The man grabbed it in his hand and got up over me and started jerking it back and forth into my mouth with his fist.

I was so hot I threw my head back and took it til I could feel it pushing and prodding at the back of my throat. Marty was down between my legs sucking my cock and I was about ready to bust my nuts again. God, my lips were sore and hurting from the huge cock fuckin' my mouth, and as it stiffened like steel I knew I couldn't take it much longer.

Suddenly he was pumping his prick with his fist so fast it made me dizzy, and I could taste his load oozing into my mouth in thick, juicy gobs, not quick and violent like Marty's, but slow and steady. It was thick and almost bitter, and he shot ten times as much as I'd ever had before, but somehow I managed to take it all. At last he was finished and about the same time Marty pulled off my prick, wiping his mouth, saying something about how I'd shot off the biggest, hottest load he'd ever had!

When the man drove us back to town, he paid us each ten dollars. I told Marty that wasn't enough, if I was gonna hustle, it had to pay better than that. He said that was just for openers, and that we were gonna get back out on the corner as soon as we stopped for a hamburger.

The next guy that picked us up paid us twenty-five bucks to corn-hole me while he sucked Marty off. But I didn't like to go that route too much! It's not that it hurt, 'cause it didn't. Actually, it felt pretty good. It's just that when I felt him cum up my ass, I really wanted it down my throat so's I could taste it!

I have to admit that I like to suck dicks. During these two years hustling I must've sucked off at least a hundred and fifty guys . . . Older guys and young men . . . college boys with really horny pricks . . . drunk sailors in the alley behind a bar . . . truck drivers with big, hairy cocks . . . traveling salesmen with big loads saved up . . . married men who said they had sons my age . . . even a Catholic priest! Most of these gay guys are pretty cool to me, only a couple of them ever tried to cheat me out of the money they'd promised me.

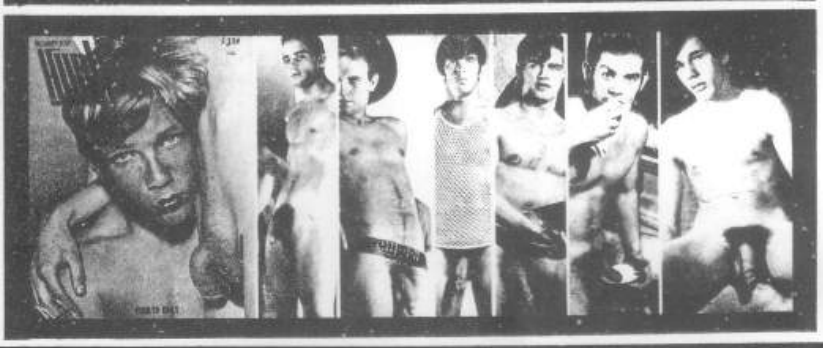
I make pretty good money hustling, but I'm still always pretty hard up for quick dough. I don't know where it goes, but I seem to spend it faster than I get my hands on it. Man, sometimes I've been so hard up I'd even rim a guy's ass hole for a few extra bucks, but that's not really my bag.

But even tho' I've gone with all these different guys, some of them over and over again, I still like Marty best of all. He's still my best buddy and we trick with each other once in a while. My mom doesn't even suspect I run around with him, and she never even asks who the men are that call me on the phone, or toot their horns in the driveway.

There's really only two things that bother me about hustling. I'm sorry I dropped out of school. I didn't want to quit, but it's hard to stay out all night on the streets when school starts so Goddam early every morning. But I know I can't hustle for ever, 'cause Marty tells me it's the young guys who make the most of it. What am I gonna do when I'm older and nobody wants me anymore?

The other thing I wonder about is did hustling turn me Queer? I mean, if I'd never started hustling in the first place, would I like to suck dicks anyway? If I'd never met Marty, would I be queer and not even know it? I wonder what I'll be like when I'm a grown man??

Like, you know, I really do worry about all this heavy stuff sometimes, but I can't let it get me down. I'm going out tonight with this new gay guy I just met. He owns the Ford dealership in a small town near here, and he promised to help me get a car if I'd come stay with him a few days . . . . and nights . . . **



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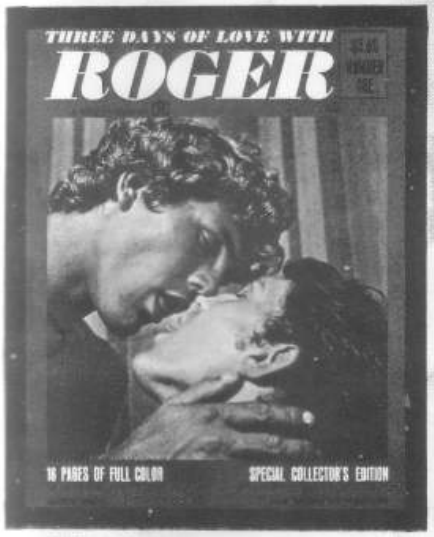

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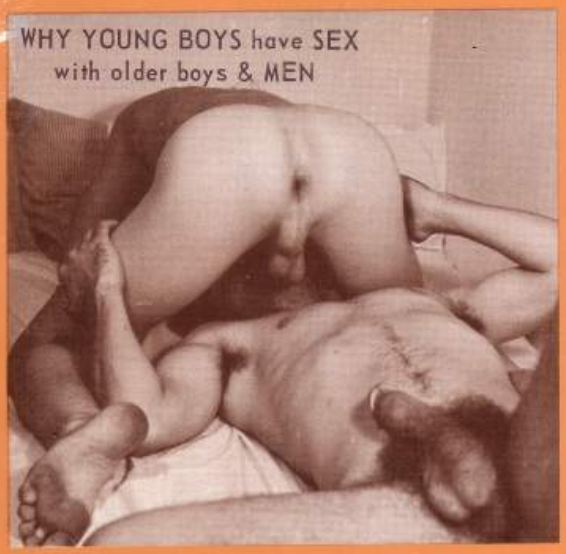
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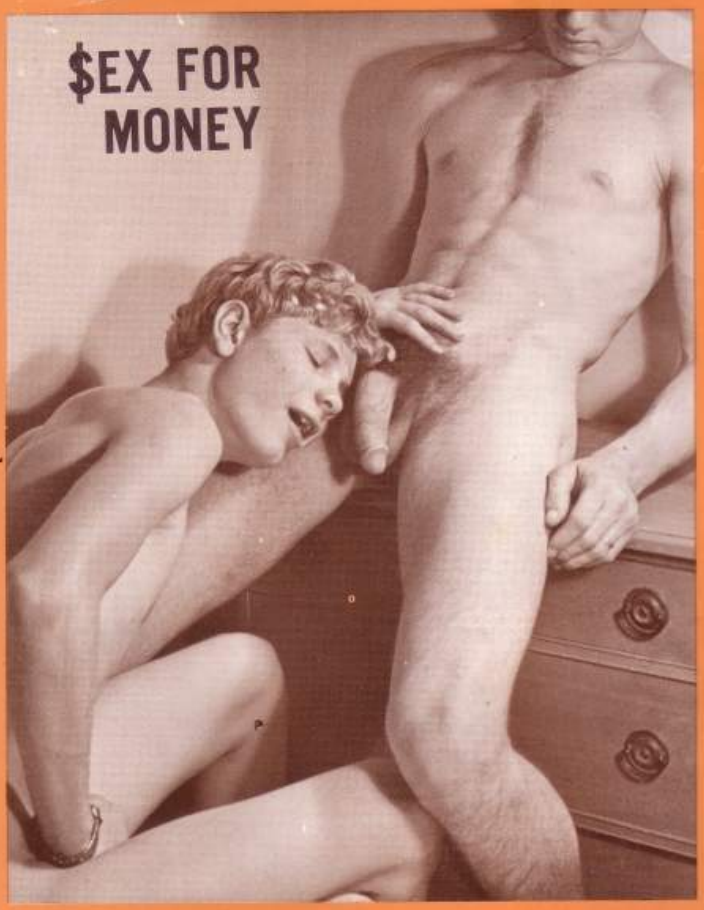
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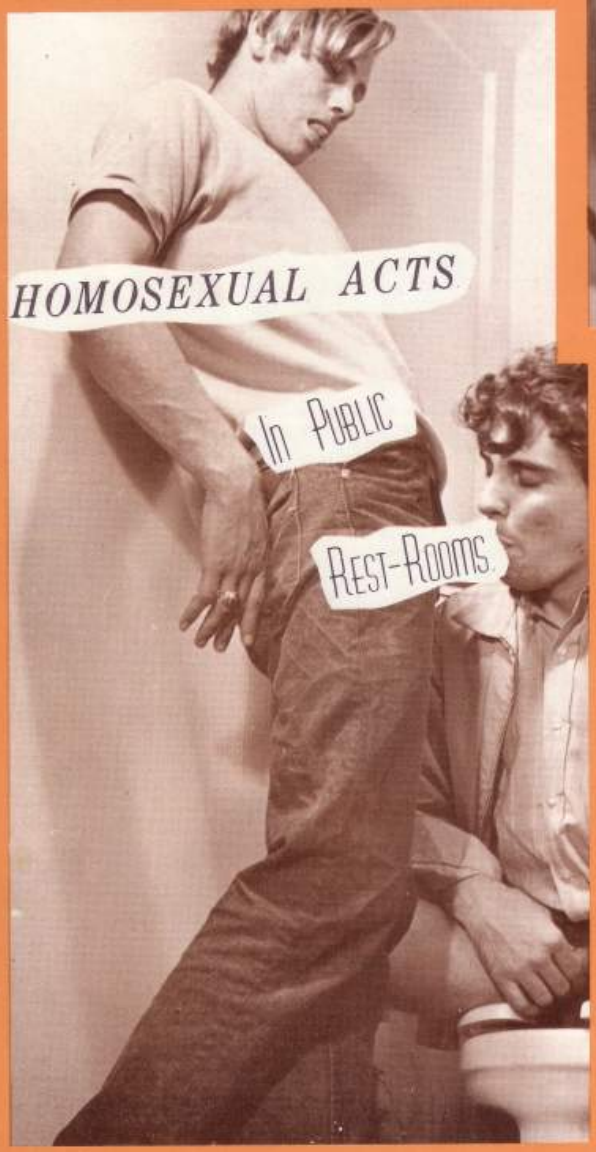
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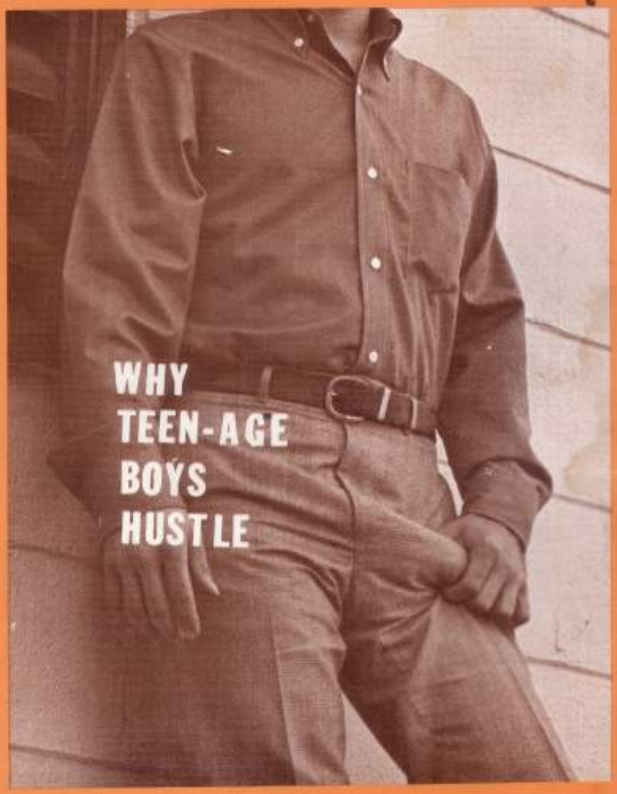
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